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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

IN THE MIDST of our many occupations we had nearly overlooked certain unmistakable signs announcing the twofold fact that the year's work, which we began, it seems, but yesterday, is half finished, and that Christmastide is at hand.

"Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And everyone be merry."

"The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares
And for the time is pleased.
Though other purses be more fat,
Why should we pine or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

So say we, let "everyone be merry," and on behalf of the FORTNIGHTLY we extend to everyone the season's greetings, with the hearty wish that they may enjoy a full measure of happiness and success during the coming year.

IN REPLY TO communications asking for an explanation of the system under which the proposed skating rink on the college grounds is to be conducted, we may say that we understand that the Committee

on Grounds and Athletics is to ask a representative from each Faculty, and probably also a representative from the Hockey Club, to form an undergraduate committee to assist in the management of the rink.

The rink will probably be reserved for the exclusive use of the Hockey Club on two or three occasions during each week.

For the present, the rink is to be the full size of the available ground, but later in the season it will be bounded by wooden sides, should this be found desirable.

There are two shelters,—one for ladies and the other for gentlemen.

The fee for students having paid the tax of \$2.00 for the use of the Grounds is to be \$1.00; for those partial students who have not paid the \$2.00 tax, the fee will be \$3.00. It is proposed also to admit graduates to the privileges of the rink for the \$3.00 fee.

Should cold weather arrive, the rink will be in full running order by the time this appears.

WE WOULD DRAW the attention of all our readers and especially undergraduates, to the advertisement, of the McGill Glee and Banjo Club concert, to be found in this number. A special arrangement for seats has been made by the Club for the benefit of their fellow-students, and these would do well to acknowledge the kindness by giving their support to the Club upon their concert night. The absence of this support was noticeable last year. Ought not every undergraduate to try, whenever possible, to assist and encourage the various college societies, especially those possessing as much merit as the Glee and Banjo Club?

THE NEXT NUMBER of the FORTNIGHTLY, coming at a time when there must necessarily be few if any class and society reports, will be composed mainly of contributions. Among these will be an article upon McGill history,—a subject which, we regret to say, has not had proper prominence in our College paper heretofore. A photogravure of the present Deans of McGill, with a sketch of the life of each, will also accompany the issue. In view of these facts, and inasmuch as several of the articles are furnished by

well-known writers a larger demand than usual for the number is anticipated, and in order that none may be disappointed, we would suggest that those undergraduates who wish extra copies, should leave their order with the business manager of their Faculty at as early a date as possible.

CORRESPONDENCE.

R. M. SAYFORD WILL VISIT MCGILL.

We introduce Mr. Sayford by the following biographical note from the *Young Men's Era* of Nov. 29. Speaking of the way in which he was led to devote himself to the work of deepening the spiritual lives of his fellow-students all over the continent, it proceeds as follows:—"He was invited to address the students of Amherst College, Mass. During a brief stay here he held a personal interview with four or five of the wilder students, who, however, were professedly Christian men. One of them was manager of the baseball nine, and, upon being led to renew his covenant with God, arose from his knees, and grasping Mr. Sayford by the hand, said: 'Oh, my dear man, why can't you do this for the men in other colleges?' It was in this way that Mr. Sayford was led into this unique work which has been so signally blessed of God, over 20,000 christian men having covenanted with him to live a higher life, and hundreds of men led to accept Christ as a personal Saviour."

Feeling that the college men of Canada might appreciate a visit from Mr. Sayford, the Canadian delegates to the World's Student Conference at Northfield last summer invited him to spend a few weeks with us at the beginning of next term. He will accordingly begin with McGill about the 10th of January. He is connected with no organization, is sustained by voluntary contributions of private friends, is in no way demonstrative, but speaks in a plain honest way that appeals to the hearts and consciences of men. We hope his visit will be the means of helping many of us to a better understanding of spiritual matters, that we may the more certainly have that peace of mind which "passeth understanding." Further details will be given later.

A. M.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

RAMBLES WITH CHARLES DICKENS.

"Kent, sir; everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops and women."—*Pickwick Papers*.

To the lover of Dickens the county of Kent must always be hallowed ground. Not only is it, with its extensive wealds and picturesque vistas, well called

the "garden of England," but almost every scene, beautiful as it is, becomes invested with a new charm when portrayed in the pages of the immortal novelist. To one who was so keenly alive to the beauties of Nature as Dickens was, it is little wonder that a love for these regions, so renowned in song and story, should have become entwined about his heart and have given birth to a series of entrancing tales which will ever live in the memories of future races. For myself, who once paid a short visit to these districts, Kent, with its delightful scenes, its historic interest, and its romantic associations, has fixed upon my mental vision sweet memories vivid as of yesterday.

Though born in Portsmouth, the earlier years of Dickens' life were passed in Chatham, a suburb of Rochester. Here the embryo novelist delighted in rambling about the neighbourhood. Its storied scenes, the Cathedral and castle of Rochester, Cobham Park and Gadshill, faded, however, all too soon like a fairy dream, when in his tenth year his parents removed to London, only to reappear at a future time in the delightful pages which have made his name famous.

The Dickens' country may be said with fair accuracy to begin at Gravesend. This quaint old town, situated about twenty-four miles from the great metropolis, is an important pilot station, vessels here exchanging the seagoing pilot, whom they received at Dungeness, for a river pilot to guide them into London. The town therefore has a more or less marine flavour about it and some small amount of bustle. Landing at the pier and passing up the High street with its clamouring mob of street-vendors, we hired a wagonette and set off on our modern pilgrimage. Within a radius of about ten miles from Gravesend lie Cobham, Strood, Rochester, Cooling, Chalk and Gadshill, all places replete with memories of Charles Dickens. Driving up the picturesque Windmill Hill, a delightful scene met the view. It was the first week in June and all Nature was clad in an odourous livery of varied hue. Pink and white hawthorne, laburnums, climbing-roses, and flowering chestnuts lined the road, filling the air with a delicious perfume. Passing over the ridge and down the declivity, the hop-gardens and arable lands of Kent soon lay before us. As yet the fields were only bare expanses of poles, the hop-vines having reached but a foot or so from the ground, while here and there through the trees peeped quaint old barns and red-roofed kilns. Five or six miles from Gravesend is the little village of Cobham. Here there is an ancient ivy-mantled church which contains, it is said, the finest collection of brasses in England. A little further down the road on the left is a village alehouse, "The Leather Bottle," embellished with a sign stating that Dickens once frequented it.

Here the too susceptible Tupman retreated after the episode with old Mr. Wardle's sister, and was found at dinner by his friends in "a long, low-roofed room, furnished with a large number of high-backed, leather-cushioned chairs of fantastic shapes, and embellished with a great variety of old portraits and roughly colored prints of some antiquity." This village was a favourite spot with our novelist, and in 1841 he once spent the night in the little inn. Some years later, too, Dickens, with his friends Maclise, Jerrold and Forster, travelled over this well-known ground. A little further on is the gate to Cobham Park, an estate belonging to the Earl of Darnley, the Lord High Steward of Kent. The great sight here in June is the rhododendrons, which annually attract many visitors. In the centre of this park is a lake, and a noble Hall, a relic of Elizabethan days. Our walk beneath the magnificent oaks and elms recalled the walk of the Pickwickians after their erring brother.

"A delightful walk it was; for it was a pleasant afternoon in June, and their way lay through a deep and shady wood, cooled by the light wind which gently rustled the thick foliage, and enlivened by the songs of the birds that perched upon the boughs. The ivy and moss crept in thick clusters over the old trees, and the soft green turf overspread the ground like a silken mat. They emerged upon an open park, with an ancient hall, displaying the quaint and picturesque architecture of Elizabeth's time. Long vistas of stately oaks and elms appeared on every side; large herds of deer were cropping the fresh grass; and occasionally a startled hare scoured along the ground, with the speed of the shadows thrown by the light clouds which swept across the sunny landscape like the passing breath of summer."

From Gadshill to Cobham was one of Dickens' favourite walks. Even in a foreign land his memory reverted to this spot, when in one of his letters written at Lausanne, in 1846, he said: "The green woods and green shades about here are more like Cobham, in Kent, than anything we dream of at the foot of Alpine passes."

Leaving Cobham Park, we drove on through a gently undulating country with wooded slopes and rolling hop-fields. As one descends the valley of the river Medway to Rochester, what a lovely scene enchants the eye! At the foot of the hill lies the town of Strood, where once stood a house of the Knights-Templar. Spanning the river is a handsome bridge, while on the right bank, which rises sharply from the shore, frowns the keep of the ancient Norman stronghold, grey with age, and mantled by a verdant carpet of clinging ivy. Not far away against the clear blue sky are to be seen the towers of the cathedral. Such a view is to be seen in few places in England.

Passing over the bridge, we remember poor David Copperfield, "foresore and tired," trudging his weary way into Rochester on the road to Dover, where his aunt, Betsy Trotwood, lived. Looking up the Medway, let Dickens himself describe the scene: "On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some overhanging the narrow beach in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully around the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling as proudly of its own might and strength as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side the banks of the Medway, covered with corn-fields and pastures, with here and there a windmill, or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could see, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it, as thin and half-formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fisherman dipped into the water with clear and liquid sound as the heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream."

At the Bull Inn in the High Street, Dickens often stayed, and in an upper chamber took place the ball at which Alfred Jingle, Winkle, and the fiery Dr. Slammer assisted in the early wanderings of the Pickwick Club. Near by, in a locality called the Vines, is an old house called Restoration House, which was the model for Satis House in "Great Expectations." It is also very probable that the city of Rochester is portrayed under the title "Cloisterham" in "Edwin Drood." A short distance away on the Maidstone road is a fine block of almshouses which were built under the endowment of Richard Watts, who left a sum of money to provide "for six poor travellers, who, not being rogues or proctors, may receive gratis for one night lodging and entertainment and fourpence each." Rochester Cathedral is very interesting, but time forbade us lingering. On the north side of the choir rises Gungulph's Tower, where it is said that a treasure is hidden. The story goes that this is guarded by a hand of flame, and whoever can climb the tower on St. Mark's eve and blow out the light will be able to discover the wealth.

In the Cathedral is the quaint monument to worthy old Master Watts, and beneath it a brass tablet to the memory of Dickens. Close to Rochester, and indeed forming one city with it, are Chatham and Strood, so often mentioned in Pickwick. Several characters were found in Chatham, "The Marchioness"

was suggested by a workhouse girl, whom Dickens' parents took with them when they removed to London. Gaffer Hexam and his son were drawn from originals found in the Dockyard. Most of the buildings associated with Dickens' childhood are now swept away, leaving but a memory behind. Leaving Rochester with regret, a short drive brought us to Gadshill, famous now as the residence of the great novelist. Here at the top of the hill on the left side of the road stands a plain, red-brick house two stories high. It was built about 1780, and came into Dickens' possession in 1856. Here in the midst of the charming country which he loved so well, many of his works were written, and here he died in 1870. Across the road in the garden, the novelist erected a Swiss chalet. Gadshill, too, derives much of its fame for its association with Sir John Falstaff, who here met with a strange adventure with the "men in buckram."

"But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses; I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves."

It has been thought that Falstaff had his prototype in Sir John Oldcastle who owned Cobham Hall, and a castle at Cooling, some remains of which are still to be seen. He was eventually besieged at Cooling, and put to death for his Lollardistic proclivities. The road from Rochester to Gadshill had an unenviable notoriety in Shakespeare's day on account of the many highwaymen who infested the woods near by. In 1656, the Danish ambassador was robbed on Gadshill, who next day received a letter stating that "ye same necessitie that enforc't ye Tartars to break the wall of China compelled us to wait on ye excellencie at Gadshill."

One of Dickens' favourite walks in this locality was to Higham and thence across the fields to Cooling. Here is the opening scene in "Great Expectations." In the churchyard, "a bleak place overgrown with nettles," Pip met the escaped convict Magwitch, who compelled him to steal a file from Joe Gargery's forge to remove his gyves.

"The marshes," said Pip, "were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad, nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed." Other favorite walks were to Shorne and Cobham. Often, too, the novelist walked to Higham, and then by a cross-road to Chalk, a quaint little village, with an odd church about half a mile away from it. This church is apparently built of flint, and is covered with ivy as so many Kentish churches are. Over the door are several grotesque figures in

stone, one of which represents an old monk, sitting cross-legged, and holding a drinking-mug. At Chalk, Dickens passed his honeymoon, paying for it out of the money he received for the first two numbers of "Pickwick Papers." Many of the places about here and in the Isle of Sheppey are referred to by Barham in his inimitable "Ingoldsby Legends." Time forbade us to visit all of these storied regions, and among them Canterbury, which we were reluctantly obliged to forego seeing. This venerable cathedral city recalls to our minds Dr. Strong, Agnes Wickfield, Uriah Heep, and Wilkins Micawber, with a host of pathetic incidents described in "David Copperfield," that work which for dramatic force and pathos is perhaps unequalled among the many creations of our author's pen. Driving on from Chalk through Milton back to Gravesend, we ended our pilgrimage, retaining the most pleasant recollections of our flying visit to lovely Kent. Amid such scenes as I have attempted to portray, Dickens passed some of the happiest years of his life, and wrote many of his inimitable works. Just before he died his thoughts were on his beloved Rochester. In the last pages of "Edwin Drood," he wrote:—

"A brilliant sun shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields,—or, rather, from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time,—penetrate into the cathedral, subdue its earthy odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm; and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

On the morrow the spirit of the great author passed away. When I stood, two years ago, among the mighty dead in Westminster Abbey, on the grave of Dickens lay two lovely wreaths, placed there by some unknown hand, eloquent though silent witnesses of the undying esteem and love with which the great novelist is regarded.

A. G. NICHOLLS.

SONGS OF THE QUARTIER.

There is a body of extensive pretensions, but less notable achievements, in the "Quartier Latin," known as the "Association Générale des Etudiants de Paris." From its "Annuaire" one is led to believe that it inhabits spacious and well appointed apartments, where exciting debates and pleasant social gatherings are held, and where a student may spend a quiet evening at chess, cards or reading. Nothing is, however, further from the reality. Although the

membership, to judge from the number of my card, is among the thousands, the rooms are small, dirty and ill-kept, the reading room a vain deceit, and the debating societies unknown quantities. Foolishly believing one of the notices posted in the "Faculté de Droit," one day I went down to the "Rue des Ecoles," where these rooms are, to a debate to be held in the "Salon Carnot." There was no one there. Of two lonely individuals in the untidy Library, one never heard of the meeting, the other was asleep. The office was empty, and from appearances the building had never known a janitor.

Another time I visited the reading room. Here chaos reigned supreme. "L'Illustration," a really worthy paper, was in the cover of "La Vie de Paris," a publication that is a disgrace to French journalism. The scientific papers were scattered in hopeless tatters and worse confusion. No one seems to know what "L'Association" does, and yet it is "reconnue d'utilité publique." It must be granted that its membership is worth the twenty francs a year, because of the reduction given by many Theatres to its members. I am also indebted to last year's "Annuaire," for the short account of Students' songs I now present to the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY.

One song I must give first, to show that the shortcomings of the Association are recognized by the Students themselves, and are not merely the imaginations of an alien critic.

"Y a-z-un Comité d'dignitaires
Composé de gens très rassis
Et c'est eux qu'embrouill'nt les affaires
A l'A. des Etudiants de Paris.

Nous avons une sall' de r'vues
Personne ne les a jamais vues
A l'A. des Etudiants de Paris.

Car—c'est pas pour vous fair' des r'proches—
Afin qu'ell's ne soient pas salies.
Y en a qui les fichent dans leur poche
A l'A. des Etudiants de Paris.

These songs are taken from the writings of two men, Xanrof and Jean du Moulin, whose originality and charm, says the "Annuaire," consist in that they have been students and in that they have seen and felt that of which they write.

Thiriet—for such is the real name of du Moulin—is still known to the Students, and an advocate of the Court of Appeals, conceals himself behind the "nom de plume" of Xanrof. "Voilà qui est moderne, bourgeois et moral." Their literature is even more moral. It is almost too moral—the translator humbly questions this. It is not they, certainly, who have as Fenelon formerly complained—"donné un tour gracieux au vice." Vice does not appear very amusing to them, although it is often comical in its foolishness. They are not romantic, but they are

gay, even in the more thoughtful moments when they reason with undeniable good sense. No one can complain that they have devoted their talents to the praise of study. Such music is hard to find. One cannot imagine a Greek ode sung to the air of "Paris à cinq heures du matin." But this does not mean that the Students do not study,—on the contrary, they do; and they are spurred on by the thought of anxious parents in the distant corners of "La Patrie."

Nos braves pères, espérant
En un avenir fulgurant
Tout plein de belles destinées,
Subventionnent nos travaux
Et nous font emplir nos cerveaux
Pendant de huit à dix années,
Et nous professerons plus tard
Le droit, le grec—ou le billiard,
Dans les provinces étonnées.

These are the reflections of some. Xanrof tells us of others in a song called "Quatre-z-Etudiants":

L'premier faisait des lett'es,
L'second du droit Romain,
L'troisième faisait des dettes,
L'quatrième faisait rien.

D'un' femm' assez gentille
Tombèr'nt tous amoureux,
Comme c'était un' bonn' fille
Ell' les rendit heureux.

Mais quand vinr'nt les vacances
Et qu'ils rentrèr'nt chez eux,
Leur papa, dans les transes,
Leur dit: "P'tits malheureux!"

"Vous n'êt's pas assez sages
Vous n'aurez plus d'argent;
J' travaillais à vos âges,
Vous en ferez autant."

Ils se r'mir'nt à l'étude
Avec acharnement.
N'avaient pas l'habitude,
Sont morts au bout d'un an.

Happily this terrible fate is rare. The thought of examinations, however, recalls the student from time to time from romance to realism. Xanrof shows us one who moralizes on the opening of "La Nouvelle Sorbonne," in these words:—

Enfin v'là qu'on l'inaugur'
La Sorbonne
La Sorbonne.
Enfin v'là qu'on l'inaugur',
Gaudeamus igitur.

Soyons gais! peut-être demain
Dans ce monument qu'on fête
Nous passerons un examen
Et nous frons un' fichu' tête.

And Jean du Moulin says:—

Nous travaillons sans trêve et sans relâche
Au moins huit jours avant notre examen,
Chaque matin—ô pénible tâche—
Nous nous disons: Je commence *demain*.

These statements only the most credulous will take literally. Virtue is not rare, but she gains nothing

by being loudly sung. "Les jeunes Français" are not hypocrites, and they are worth more than they say. That the youth is not rich is too true, but the barren rooms of the furnished hotels are the homes of gaiety.

Nous logeons haut—sursum corda
Mais l'Eternel nous accorda
Heureusement la jambe leste
..... Nous demeurons, le cœur tranquille et sage
Dans des logis suspendus loin du sol.

Naturally an occasional bird of passage rests in these rooms high up under the roof; all else is literature, law, medicine or art. Here is a detailed description of one such Bohemian home:

J'habit' près d' l'Ecole de Médecine
Au premier tout comme un bourgeois,
Un' demeure magnifique, divine,
A l'hotel du numéro trois.

Les draps sont grands comme des serviettes,
Il n'y a qu'un seul modèle, je crois,
Et c'est le chien qui lav' les assiettes
A l'hotel du numéro trois.

Notre potage roul' dans ses vagues
Tant de cheveux que chaque mois
Les clients s'en font fair' des bagues,
A l'hotel du numéro trois.

But the real home of the student is not his room, it is the Boulevard or the Café, or under the trees of the Luxembourg by the "Fontaine de Médici." The restaurant is a necessary resort where only a very grim necessity would send us.

Bourgeois ventrus thésaurisant la rente,
Gens délicats, gourmets, connaissez-vous
L'officine très abracadabrante
Où nous mangeons moyennant vingt-trois sous?

Le patron, laid et grêlé comme un crible,
Majestueux, la serviette à la main,
Poursuit d'un œil soupçonneux et terrible
Un indiscret redemandant du pain.

Entre des fleurs et du sucre, à la caisse
Se tient Madame, un peu haute en couleur
Dont le menton, double, et luisant de graisse,
Fait supposer qu'elle déjeune ailleurs.

Now and then there is a street blockade that delights the Parisian beyond all else.

Un fiacre le long du trottoir
S'en allait, plein de nonchaloir
Roulant
Catrin-Catrant
Déambulant
Suivant la rue
Un arroseur municipal
Arrosait sans penser mal.
Roulant, etc.

Le fiacre écrasa, pour passer,
L'tub' qui servait pour arroser,
L'arroseur attrap' le cocher
Qui lui répond d'aller se coucher,
L'arroseur appelle un agent
Qui s'en vient d'un pas négligent,
Et fait arrêter le cheval
Afin de dresser l'procès-verbal.

And while so doing, six cabs, a bread waggon, three coupés, a dog-cart, two loads of building stone, a regiment with drums and bugles, a wedding party and five tram-cars, one after the other, swell the blockade.

Enfin son devoir étant fait
Il partit d'un air satisfait,
Tout en maugréant le cocher
Se remit alors à marcher.

Porteurs, omnibus, régiment, etc.

There are other songs of private life from the pens of our two poets. But they are "Des chos's qui n'r'gard'nt pas le public," so we must halt 'ere we intrude on sacred ground.

A. RIVES HALL.

SNARED.

Thou hast caught me in thy net,
Love, tyrant Love!
I will break thy meshes yet,
And escape, cruel Love!
Thou hast set thy spirit nigh me,
Like a warder, ever by me,
But my soul shall yet defy thee,
Love, cruel Love!

Thou hast bound my heart with steel,
Love, tyrant Love!
And I cannot think or feel
But of thee, cruel Love!
All my life is bowed before thee
Like a fierce storm sweeping o'er me,
And I cannot but adore thee,
Love, cruel love!

Thou hast made me kiss my chain,
Love, tyrant Love!
I can never hope again
To be free, cruel Love!
Thou hast cast thine arms around me,
In thy sweet embraces wound me,
Leave me not, now I have found thee,
Love, sweet Love!

R. MACDOUGALL.

CAMBRIDGE.

SHAKESPEARE'S GARDEN.

III.

We have numberless allusions in the dramas, not simply to gardens and to horticultural operations,—the latter being generally used, moreover, for some beautiful image, or comparison, as in the celebrated scene in *Richard the Second*; the subject of discourse is the forlorn condition of the country induced by the misgovernment of the unfortunate king, already deposed,—the head gardener giving directions to his subordinates.

In the elaborately constructed garden of the time there was never any lawn. The space was wholly devoted to flowers, with a few simple evergreen

shrubs, such as box and dwarf yew. Adjoining them were pleasant "alleys" and shaded walks, and bowers and arbours seem to have been an essential feature. The flowers were of the kinds cherished to-day as "old favorites," comprising many brought in from the neighbouring woods and meadows, a good number from continental Europe, and a sprinkling of choice rarities from the Levantine countries, Persia and Northern Africa; seven-eighths of the modern English garden, it is almost needless to remark, were quite unknown.

As I have said, Shakespeare's catalogue of wild flowers was about fifteen—and his list of garden flowers was only about half as long, not reaching more than eight. He had no occasion to mention any more; the great mass of the references fell upon only two, the lily and the rose, these having been from time immemorial the poet's metaphors for loveliness and purity, especially feminine, and as shown in the feminine cheek, thus, in truth, part of the established vocabulary of civilized man.

This use of the rose and the lily, as emblems of beauty and purity, may be traced through Hebrew literature; the (*leirion*) *λεῖριον* and *redon* (*ρόγον*) of the Greeks, the *lilium* and *rosa* of the Romans are their antetypes; only that while the application of the ancient names is indefinite, and the botanical species intended are often indeterminable, the nearer we draw to Shakespearian times, the more precise they become, Chaucer leading the way, till, at last, in Shakespeare himself, as in the case of the violet too, we rest in thankfulness.

The actual beginning of the rose and lily usage, like the source of great rivers, is hidden among the mountains. It is as old, at all events, as the time of Solomon, whose use of the Hebrew words says with our poet "my beloved is white and ruddy," an infinite amount of grand significance lying within. Shakespeare reflects the latter when Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, says to Olivia:—

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on."

The comparison comes to the front again in *King Lear*:—

"Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose."

this allusion is so much the more beautiful from the circumstance that the rose is the only flower which is quite as lovely in the opening bud as when full blown. Theocritus so admired the rose when in this condition that he calls the flowers simply *calyces*.

Shakespeare never tires of the two-fold citation. See how exquisitely in the *Rape of Lucrece*, the figure here partly founded upon a later event of history:—

"The silent war of lilies and of roses."

So again in *Coriolanus*:—

"Our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gauded cheeks to the wanton spoil
Of Phoebus' burning kisses."

Damask is the color of the damask or Damascus rose, noted for its fine crimson hue, whence in Pliny the happy epithet, *ardentissima*. This species had also a white variety, and another that was parti-colored, which did not escape Shakespeare's observation; he refers to it in *As You Like It*:—

"There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper and more lively red
Than that mix'd in his cheek. 'Twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask."

I should not omit the well known lines from *Twelfth Night*:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

Apart from the poet's use of rose and lily as names for loveliness and perfection, it is very interesting to observe that these two flowers are representative of the two great sections into which all plants bearing flowers are divided by botanists, namely, the *exogens* and the *endogens*.

I have no time to treat of the Wars of the Roses beginning A.D. 1455. We are apt to forget sometimes, in our attention to prose history, how much Englishmen owe to Shakespeare in respect of his dealing with those wars. Shakespeare has made them what the "Tale of Troy" was to the Greeks, only that the narrator is greater even than Homer.

There are at least sixty allusions in the poet's writings to this flower of incontestable queenliness; besides these, we have mention of "rose-leaves" and "rose-water," and references also to the rose-like ornaments made of ribbon, worn on the shoes in Shakespeare's day;—besides the rose and lily we have notices of the "Flower-de-Luce," the "Crown Imperial," the "Marigold," the "Carnation," the "Gilliflower" and the "Columbine,"—the last named flower is alluded to in "Love's Labour's Lost" and in "Hamlet,"

"There's fennel for you, and columbines,"

Here is reference to some emblematic or superstitious idea, the traces of which are obscure. Ophelia employs it, seemingly, as a representative of thanklessness, since in Chapman we have

"What's that, a columbine?"
"No! that thankless flower grows not in my garden."

Why "thankless" is a question still to be answered. Turner speaks only of the supposed medicinal virtues, Matthiolus and Gerard do the same.

One cannot pass from Shakespeare's flowers without recalling what he has told us of the little wizards of the hive,—the bees. Under Providence, he says,

there is special work in the world for everybody, and the faithful concurrence of the whole, duly performed, is "like music." One reference in *Romeo and Juliet* is so beautifully figurative that I cannot omit it :—

"O my love, my wife,
Death that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath
Upon thy beauty yet hath had no power,
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

But I am neglecting the weeds and wild-flowers—
weeds are but wild-flowers in excess of number, and growing where the soil is wanted for purposes of cultivation. Taken individually, few of the plants which are prone to trouble the gardener and the farmer, through their fecundity and their perseverance, are inferior in beauty of structure to the generality of the garden favorites. Isolated by the wayside, and in the pride of their summer, they seldom fail to please. Many of the larger kinds, no doubt for want of training, become ragged and disorderly, but even then they redeem themselves by their lustre. Nothing in the costliest garden is more splendid than a full-grown cotton thistle, a scarlet corn-poppy, or a well-developed specimen of the azure bugloss (or ox-tongue). One of our minor poets has happily expressed it :—

"The soil is mother to the weeds,
But only step-dame to the flowers."

Of the wild flowers Shakespeare mentions

Pansy	Violet
Cowslip	Nettle
Oxlip	Cuckoo-buds or Buttercups
Daisy	Wild Thyme
Daffodil	Dog Rose
Harebell	Eglantine
Crow-flower	Woodbine
Meadow-Orchis or Long Purple	

As Shakespeare's favorite trees were those of the woods, in which as a boy he was accustomed to wander, absorbing "sweet influence," so are his wild-flowers those of the Warwickshire meadows, trodden we may be sure, with equal delight. The green fields around his native village, the quiet lanes, the borders of the pretty streamlets, were their homes. Here it was that he first plucked the "pale primrose," the freckled cowslip, and the early daffodil.

We find the violet mentioned in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*; but when Shakespeare copies, or borrows, if either term can be justly applied to the use he makes of his predecessors, he repays a hundredfold in the method of the use. Perdita's are not Ovid's flowers, for those may be anything we like to fancy; hers are old England's violets, and nothing besides.

Similar, one cannot but think, is the Shakespearian indebtedness, which yet is no debt, in regard to that

most sweet and tender passage in Ovid, where the poet enjoins us to pay kindly respect to the tombs of the departed, by strewing flowers upon them.

"They ask," he says, "but small offerings. To them is affection more pleasing than a costly gift. Enough for them are chaplets and plucked violets."

Almost like an echo of these lovely words are the lines in *Pericles*, where Marina enters with her basketful of mourning tribute :—

"No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weeds,
To strew thy grave with flowers; the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, hang above thy grave
While summer days do last."

It is impossible to quote the many beautiful illustrations that might be furnished, showing the poet's love for the pansy and violet, the cowslip he mentions only six times, the one which first occurs to one is the well known song of Ariel in the *Tempest* :—

"Where the bee sucks there lurk I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie."

In King *Henry the Fifth* he tells of the "freckled cowslip." Again, in *A Midsummer's Night's Dream* we have Oberon addressing Puck :—

"Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer,
Ay, there it is."

"I pray thee, give it me,
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."

he tells Puck to place a pansy on the eyes of Titania, in order that, on awaking, she may fall in love with the first object she encounters.

But I may be growing tedious, and must hasten on; whilst speaking in praise of wild-flowers I am in good company; I might claim that every poet whose writings are worth quoting has sung their praise. Thomson in his *Seasons* has proclaimed their beauty in simple language; the daisy has been immortalized by Robert Burns as the "Wee, simple, modest, crimson-tipped flower." And of the thistle,—Scotland's emblem,—he tells :—

"The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

Gerald Massey, another of the people's poets, sang.

"And here's my Rest, where sheen and shadows meet
O'erhead, the small flowers budding at my feet;
Green picnic places peeping from the wood,
Where you may meet the spirit of Robin Hood
Crossing the moonlight at the old deer-chase;
A brooding Dove the Spirit of the place;
Gleams of the Graces at their bath of dew;
An earthly pleasance, Heaven trembling through—

* * * * *
And with glad laugh the tiny buttercup,
Its beaker of delight brimful holds up;
And, prodigally glorified, the mead,
Is all aglow with red-ripe sorrel seed.

And quick with scents that make one long to be
A-gathering sweets, bloom-buried utterly."

And about 50 years ago, during a period of fierce political agitation, the Radical poet, *par excellence*, Ebenezer Elliott, pleaded:—

"Beneath the schemes of wicked men
Our country's head is bowing,
But thanks to God, they can't prevent
The sweet wild-flowers from blowing."

Thomas Campbell, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, wrote:—

Ye field flowers! the gardens may eclipse ye, 'tis true,
Yet wildings of Nature. I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

* * * * *

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionate stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb."

Mrs. Hemans has some pretty verses in praise of wild-flowers, and Eliza Cook gives us some simple lines about *Buttercups and Daisies*:—

"Are there, I ask, beneath the sky
Blossoms that knit so strong a tie
With childhood's love? Can any please
Or light the infant eye like these?
No, no; there's not a bud on earth
Of richest tint, or warmest birth,
Can ever fling such zeal and zest
Into the tiny hand and breast.
Who does not recollect the hours
When burning words and praises
Were lavished on those shining flowers;
"Buttercups and Daisies"?"

There seems a bright and fairy spell
About their very names to dwell
And though old Time has mark'd my brow
With cares and thought—I love them now.

"Smile if ye will, but some heart-strings
Are closest link'd to simplest things;
And these wild-flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past;
And then the only wish I have,
Is, that the one who raises
The turf-sod o'er me, plant my grave
With "*Buttercups and Daisies*."

Tennyson, too, sings:—

"Flowers in the crannied wall;
I pluck you out of the crannies;
Hold you here, root and all in my hand,
Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

And so on to the end of the chapter, I might quote them all:

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
The Poets; who have made us heirs on earth
Of truth and pure delight, through heavenly lays."
"For doth not song
To the whole world belong?
Is it not given wherever tears can fall?
Whenever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all!"

Of miscellaneous market edibles, not derived from the home garden, about half a dozen kinds are mentioned by Shakespeare, two of them, *Samphire* and *Eryngoes*, prepared from productions of the sea-shore.

"Eryngoes," named in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, were the candied roots of the *Eryngium Maritimum*, grey denizens of the seaside sandhills,—a veritable "touch-me-not," distinguished at once by its intense prickliness, (whence the synonym of "sea holly,") and its large egg-shaped head of sky blue flowers.

Samphire (*crithmum maritimum*) never grows upon the sandhills, but exclusively upon rocks and cliffs, such as are daily splashed by the salt-water. The leaves are many-fingered and very succulent, the flowers are produced in yellowish umbles, the plant becoming a mass of about six inches in height. The juiciness and pleasant saline flavor recommended it at a very early period, for use as a pickling vegetable. The collecting of it is at all times somewhat dangerous. As a rule, samphire is often quite inaccessible except by means such as those referred to in the inimitable description in which it is mentioned by Shakespeare,—suspending a man by a rope from the brow of the cliff,—this particular cliff—the most interesting in England, since it is at Dover, overlooking the Channel.

Edgar in *King Lear*, standing on the top of this cliff, known as Shakespeare's Cliff to this day, says:—

"How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half-way down
Hangs one who gathers samphire—dreadful trade,
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head,
The fishermen who walk upon the beach
Appear like mice;
"The murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd pebbles chafe,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

Let me here say, in parenthesis, that I have seen this picture. I do believe that if I were asked what is the grandest sight I ever saw, I should reply without hesitation, sunrise from the summit of Shakespeare's Cliff,—to look across the channel towards

Calais on the French coast (the magnificent sight reminding one of Douglas Jerrold's *mot* that the best thing between England and France was "the channel"), and then to turn and look over miles of "the garden of England," as the county of Kent has been called, with its picturesque patches of gardens and fields, laid out like the squares on a chess-board.

The impression produced would thus take shape in words:—

I have beheld the stately sun arise
Ere the pale earth had yet forgot the night,
Blushing all rosy with a glad surprise,
Like to a girl who sees her heart's delight.
Folding the crags that gird the mountain-top,
Night's messenger, the creeping cold gray cloud,
Holds close its arms; before the sun they drop,
And leave the cliff uncovered by their shroud;
And the fair valley is again revealed;
The searching sun has freed what was concealed.

I have seen this, and have seen men gathering samphire too, exactly as Shakespeare tells us—and I have eaten the samphire pickled; in the bottle it looks like the tails of mice or rats.

On seaside mud-flats there grows very commonly another plant, suitable for pickling, the salt-wort (*salicornia herbacea*), a singular production, made up of little round, green, erect and juicy pencils. This, sometimes called samphire by mistake, is by no means to be thought of as Shakespeare's samphire, that grows only on the cliffs and rocks, as I have said.

Shakespeare's single botanical mistake is to be found in *Cymbeline*, where he says:—

"A mole, cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
In the bottom of a cowslip."

A certain amount of latitude is always permissible in descriptions designed to be vivid and picturesque, but it is quite beyond the reality to say that the spots in the cup of the cowslip are "crimson." The flower must have been very dear to Shakespeare, as familiar as the violet, and no flower would be plucked more frequently, which makes one wonder so much the more, that over this flower he should have made the one solitary mistake in exactitude of description, which shows in contrast so striking to his otherwise strict accuracy.

One other matter is worthy of note—his mention of the cedar tree—by this name is always understood in literature, the immemorial cedar of Lebanon, so often employed in Scripture as an emblem of kingly stateliness and magnificence. It was, doubtless, the scriptural use which furnished Shakespeare with his ideas of the tree, no mention being made of it by the classical authors, to whom, indeed, the Libani would seem to have been unknown. Shakespeare introduces it upon twelve different occasions. No cedar existed in England during Shakespeare's life-time. The first appear to have been raised from seed by John Evelyn, some time about 1680.

I fear that I am growing tedious, but I have not yet spoken of his weeds, and his medicinal plants, and much more; we have all heard of the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet omitted, and I think I hear it said that I have scarcely reached the "folk-lore" yet. I can only say with Captain Cuttle that "the force of the observation lies in the application of it," and therefore if it meets with your approval, we might reserve "folk-lore" for another paper. My object was simply to indicate a few of the suggestions called up by the mention of flowers in connection with the poet's name, but my pet wild-flowers ran away with me.

"Shakespeare's flowers." The words are talismanic, and as we utter them we see him as a boy on the Avon's side; as a lover, hastening past the hedgerows to blossom-hidden Shottery; as a grave citizen, strolling between the trim beds in his garden at New Place; and at the last, stricken down with mortal fever, "fumble with the sheets," and "play with flowers," and be sure that he "babbled o' green fields."

H.M.

REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

The lord is outshone by his valet;
The subject dictates to the king;
The urchin that crawls in the alley
Squalls louder than choristers sing.

The African maid is more garish,
Array'd in her girdle of rope,
Than a princess; the priest of a parish
Is prouder by far than the pope.

The cowl must not stoop to the mitre;
The pulpit o'ertops not the pew;
The printer improves on the writer
And whispers the critic his cue.

And the first and most fam'd virtuoso
Must have known diletanti like us,
And been told that the thing should be so-so,
And this way and that way and thus.

The knight of the cross in his armor
Was bay'd by the Apennine boar;
The trader looks down on the farmer;
The beggar despises the poor.

The student informs the professor,
The freshman the Master of Arts:
Thus the greater is less than the lesser,
Or the whole is a part of the parts.

CAP'N GOUN.

A HOLIDAY ADVENTURE.

I happened a few years ago to be spending my fortnight's holiday in a small, inland, country village, very beautiful doubtless from an artist's point of view, but to mine, fresh from the life and gaiety of a large city, ghastly in its isolation and loneliness.

An old friend of my father's, who had amassed a considerable fortune through some lucky speculations, had bought a plot of ground here, and built a large roomy dwelling for himself and family, the latter consisting of his wife and his daughter, a very pretty girl of about 23 years of age.

In response to repeated invitations, and, moreover, it must be confessed, being too pressed for ready cash to go elsewhere, I had at last made up my mind to run down and pay the Phrales a short visit.

The time passed more pleasantly than I had expected in the company of Violet Phrale, and already the end of my holiday was in sight, when the incident,—for it was but little more—that I am about to relate occurred.

I was to leave on Saturday night on my return to town, and had sat up rather late the evening before, so that I fell asleep almost directly my head touched the pillow, and slept uninterruptedly till I was awakened at an early hour the following morning by an unusual disturbance in such a quiet locality.

Hastily throwing on a few clothes, I ran downstairs, and found the whole household in a tumult. It seemed that the housemaid, on entering the dining room preparatory to laying the breakfast table, had discovered the sideboard drawers lying on the floor, with what remained of their contents scattered round them, the furniture also had been pushed about, and the room generally showed signs of having been thoroughly ransacked by some midnight marauder.

My attention was first directed to allaying the fears of Mrs. Phrale, who seemed to be imbued with the idea that the robbers were hidden somewhere about the premises waiting for an opportunity to sally out and slay the whole community. Having persuaded her with some difficulty that no immediate danger was to be feared, I started out with her husband, who appeared to have been rendered almost helpless by the affair, to see if any clew could be found. We came upon one almost immediately in the shape of footprints in the soft grass just outside the window of the dining room, which overlooked the lawn, and the sill of which, moreover, was only a few feet above the ground. A hasty examination showed me that the foot-marks were turned both ways, and that they had been produced, as far as I could judge, by a large man wearing a heavy pair of boots. I next turned my attention to the window through which the robber had apparently made his entry. This was about four feet from the ground, and was made in two parts, the upper of which was stationary and the lower part capable of being pushed up, and was kept in place, when closed, by its own weight which was by no means inconsiderable. This could be fastened at night by means of an iron catch on the inside of the upper or fixed part of the window.

The whole matter at first sight seemed so clear, that I straightway proposed to Mr. Phrale that I should ride over to the neighbouring village and notify the authorities to send over an officer. To my surprise, my friend strongly objected to this course, saying that the loss was after all a trifling one, consisting of some knives, forks, and spoons, and a few pieces of plate, and further he did not wish to have his house filled with busy-bodies, and finally, much against my will, I was obliged to submit.

In the interval before breakfast I whiled away the time by interviewing the butler. This individual, who had been in the Phrale's service a little less than a year, appeared to be smitten with remorse, and confessed to me that he had neglected to fasten the catch on the evening previous; other information than this he could not give me, as he slept on the opposite side of the house and had heard nothing during the night. After breakfast I took a walk in order to try and think the matter over. What appeared strange to me was that any person could have opened the window and created such a disturbance in the dining room, which was directly under my bed room, without having wakened me, for I had always been a light sleeper.

On my return to the house I questioned the housemaid closely as to the position of the various articles of furniture, and her answers strengthened a suspicion that had been growing in my mind, that the chaos in which the room was found was a studied disorder intended as a blind. But why should a thief who had entered and left the house so boldly, without taking the trouble even to remove his boots, have gone to the length of moving the furniture round in this careful manner? This seemed to be a point worth considering. I could not help feeling that there was something too clear and plain about the whole matter, and what had at first been but a suspicion became almost a conviction the more I considered it, namely, that the thief was to be found among those composing the household.

I went for a long drive that afternoon with Violet, to take a farewell view of the country, returning in time to have 5 o'clock tea with Mr. and Mrs. Phrale. While we were waiting for the tea to appear, Mrs. Phrale happened to leave the room for a few minutes, and Violet having gone to her own room to remove her hat, Mr. Phrale and I were left alone in the drawing-room where we sat chatting about the city to which I was about to return. Our conversation was interrupted by the entry of Walters with the tea and cake. What possessed me I can never explain, but the idea suddenly flashed into my mind that if I could catch Walters off his guard he might possibly, if he had any connection with the robbery, betray himself by some sign or word. Without stopping

to think that I was acting on nothing but a mere whim, I rose and approached the teatable, as if to help in arranging the cups and saucers, but instead of that I laid my hand lightly on Walters' shoulder, and said in a solemn voice: "What do you intend doing with those spoons?"

The effect exceeded my wildest calculations, for the butler dropped his tray without the slightest hesitation, put his right hand in his pocket, as quickly withdrew it again, and before I could do more than throw up my arm, I was dazzled by the flash of a revolver. Luckily, the involuntary movement of my arm disturbed his aim, and before he could fire again I had him by the throat, my surprise having by this time been overcome, and, with the aid of Mr. Phrale the scoundrel was forced to the ground and his arms, and legs secured with handkerchiefs and a couple of chair ties.

The noise of the report brought Mrs. Phale and Violet shrieking to the drawing-room, where they were much relieved to find us uninjured beyond a few slight scratches incurred in the brief struggle.

But little remains to be told. Walters, finding himself helpless, confessed that he had appropriated the missing silver, having left the window unfastened, and disturbed the furniture purposely, with the idea of misleading us into thinking that the robber was someone unacquainted with the house. He had made arrangements with a friend, whose identity, however, he would not disclose, to convey the spoil to the city and there dispose of it as soon as the matter had quieted down. The foot-prints under the window he could not explain, but I learned some time later from Mr. Phrale, that they had been made by the gardener, who came once a week to look after the grounds, and who had been looking for some brass wire that he had left hidden in some small bushes growing against the house, almost directly below the window.

At Mr. Phrale's request I delayed my departure till the following day, and during the evening I drove over to the adjoining village and put our prisoner in safe keeping, where he remained till the following month, when he was tried and sentenced to seven years imprisonment. So ended my first and only appearance as an amateur detective.

B. B.

CLASS REPORTS.

ADVICE TO THE INEXPERIENCED.

Ye gentle youths, unused as yet to ply
The driving pen, while precious moments fly,
As 'zamination's dread approach ye fear,
Draw near at once and lend a ready ear
To the advice I will to you impart
From out the memories of an aching heart.

When you are marshalled to that place of doom,
The Molson Hall, for ever wrapped in gloom,
While that in nervous haste you grasp the pen
And dreadful questions swim within your ken,
Don't stop to look, don't even stop to wink,
Write all you know and more than you can think,
Mix it all up, and don't forget to shew
You know much more than your professors know.
Don't punctuate at all, except with blots.
Don't cross your T's, nor give the I's their dots,
The more the words the greater is the prize,
Which fact, my friend, keep you before your eyes.
Follow my counsel, do just as you're bid,
And you'll do more than any of us did.

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

On Wednesday, the 5th inst., the Fourth Year Students were happily made the recipients of a most beautiful and useful Christmas present, in the shape of "Da Costa's Manual of Modern Surgery." Dr. Roddick, the donor, appeared much affected as he shook hands with, and made kind remarks to, each student, on presentation of the books. He announced much to the regret of all, that he was the unfortunate subject of a severe throat affection, for which his medical friends had advised a trip to the Mediterranean. He left on the following evening, and the many Students who attended his departure from Windsor Station gave him a hearty send off. His name always was, and always will be, to the Student, the personification of all that means sympathy and generosity. We sincerely hope that his trip will give the desired results, and that he may be spared for many years yet to teach and instruct.

Doctor Adami, who continues at present Dr. Roddick's course of lectures, opened up with a much deserved eulogy on the merits and successes of our departed friend.

The success of the Bishop's Medical Faculty Dinner, which took place at the Queen's Hotel on Dec. 6th, was no doubt owing to the presence of our genial representative, J. H. Watson, B.A. '95.

"Billy" Lambly, our representative to Toronto College Medical Dinner, liked so well his treatment by the boys there, that he remained over a few days longer than was absolutely necessary.

Messrs. Price and Day, both competent men, have been elected to offices on the Reading Room Committee. We have full confidence that they will look after things.

The Reverend, mentioned in the report of the McGill Medical Faculty Dinner of last issue as being the future valedictorian, is none other than the pleasant and good-natured I. L. Hargrave, B.A.

We are pleased to announce that F. B. Carron, '95, who has been so long ill with appendicitis, has been operated upon and is now convalescing rapidly.

Dr. Stewart finished his lectures on "Diseases of the Nervous System" last week, and the course has been resumed by Dr. Finley on "Diseases of the Respiratory System."

We are pleased to announce that Mr. Hill, an esteemed member of the Second Year, has completely recovered from a severe illness which lasted several weeks.

Messrs. Gurd and Burril have been unanimously chosen from the Second Year as representatives on the Reading Room Committee. Evidently the right men are in the right place.

The Secretary of the Second Year has recorded twenty-one meetings during the past month. Sum total of all: much talk, noise and an adjournment.

"Joe," familiarly known to Second Year as "Demosthenes," will lecture to the Maritime Province men on Saturday evening, Dec. 22nd; subject: "Evils of Gastrotomy."

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS NOTES.

A course of lectures will be given to the Students of Comparative Medicine after the holidays by Dr. Frank Miller, '87, of Burlington, Vt., who has spent some time abroad in the Berlin and other Veterinary Schools. The course will consist of a series of lectures upon Diseases of the Eye, to which subject Dr. Miller has especially devoted his attention.

Dr. D. McEachran has left Montreal upon his usual trip to the Northwest. He will return about Jan. 12th.

As the neighboring Masonic Temple nears completion, we look forward eagerly to a new patient for the Infirmary,—the "goat."

Lord Charles Beresford will resume his duties at the College immediately after his return from Khartoum.

C. H. Zink, jr., has been chosen valedictorian by the Class of '95.

While we may not have a Faculty yell, that we do have a Faculty whistle of a most seductive kind, wandering canines of too abiding faith learn to their sorrow.

Homeless and otherwise unfortunates are cordially invited to Dr. C's coach-house on Christmas day, when the usual festivities will be celebrated. "Grub struck" R.—d's has already begun to fast in preparation thereof.

A pair in a hammock
Attempted to kiss;
But in less than a jiffy
They landed like this.

Ex.

What song does the electric car sing on its last trip at night? "I'm going home to dynamo."

Ex.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

After the last exam., the members of the several Years wish each other a weak and weary "Merry Christmas," and then depart; but this year '96 wishes to be magnanimous to others besides those of her own class: Freshmen, may college gowns in abundance be among your gifts (ask Santa for some that can't be "stole"); may huge chunks of "Wisdom" bulge the stockings of the damsels of '97; and may our Seniors have all they want of the following:—

1. The sort of boots "that departing leave behind them," etc.
2. Another kind, spiked, for climbing to the pinnacle of Fame.
3. A copy of "A sure and safe Guide to Gold Medals."
4. Blue stockings of permanent dye.
5. "How to be happy though a female B.A."
6. Sweets of learning (in sticks or lozenge-shaped).

Miss C. G. Seymour, formerly of the Class of '95, is now General Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association at Poughkeepsie, N.Y. This is probably a further preparation for the work to which she has long been looking forward. We wish her all success in her work, and strength to continue it.

The Donaldas are feeling especially grateful just now to Sir Donald Smith. His last gift to us has been a piano, which we were endeavoring to obtain by ourselves, as we felt that we could not do without one of our own any longer.

Miss Smardon, of Class '93, we are glad to hear, has at last got her medal, the Lord Stanley Gold Medal for Modern Languages.

A CHRISTMAS FAREWELL TO CONDITIONS.

[A long way after Shakespeare.]

Take, oh take those "av"s away,
Absence from them have I sworn;
And those "el"s, the bane of day,
That have me misled, out-worn.
But my novels bring again,
Bring again!
Signs of ease, not signs of pain,
Signs of pain!

LEGAL BRIEFS.

The battle of pen and ink is over; and while we are pleased to note that no positive fatalities occurred it is our sad duty to record that the following injuries were received by some of our Legal enthusiasts, through their gallant and noble efforts to write five-hour-and-a-half papers in the space of two hours.

B——rn emerged with glasses broken and the phalanges of his right badly warped, and is at present compelled to eat his soup with his left hand.

Sw——st, who always prided himself on his short hand, received such injuries that his fingers are now of incredible length.

Our valiant and martial V. P. is again at his office, with the tips of the fingers of his damaged right hand showing through the multifarious bandages as they gracefully rest in the folds of a sling. We hear he has now a proposition before the Faculty, to be allowed to utilize his stenographer in future examinations.

The Irish element is now paring its claws following the example of the Tammany Tiger.

The House Surgeons in the Casualty ward report that B——nd is getting on gradually, but will never be able to walk on his hands again, especially his right hand.

Our great extraction from the French author has suffered most, for we hear he has fallen greatly in the

estimation of his lady friends by being obliged during the last two weeks to communicate with them by typewriter.

D.—on is suffering from anguish of soul to think that never again, or at least not for many months to come, will he be able to entrance the members of the Mock Parliament with that sinuous movement of his exquisite right hand, so familiar to them all when he is raising his manly voice in violent denunciation against the machinations of the Conservative Party.

It is reported that as a consequence of the rapid pace at which little Monty went during the examination on Obligations, that he became dizzy and fell into an ink bottle, and was only rescued by the long reach of M—sur who was sitting four seats behind.

A rousing meeting of the Students was held regarding the proposed Bar bill; and although much heated discussion took place, we are glad to be able to state that the only blows that were struck were those on Joe D—n's desk.

APPLIED MECHANICS CLASS.

R.G.—Please, sir, I can't get the answer given in the book for this problem; there must be something wrong with it.

Prof.—Do you mean the book is wrong?

R.G.—Oh no, ! no sir ! no, sir ! not at all.

From the way in which some of the Third Year men took to the patrol waggon which came up to the College at the time of the fire in the Arts building it looked as if they had been there before. We trust, however, that appearances were deceitful, and that they have not been in trouble of that sort.

The order, that the students in the pattern shop are not to use the machinery, has produced considerable dissatisfaction among their ranks. The inducements held out by the practical department are very considerably lessened if the use of so important a part as the machinery is to be prohibited. We may, however, derive considerable solace from the fact that the use of the grindstone is still kindly permitted, and when in need of excitement we may watch it turn. All visitors are requested to use caution while in the vicinity of this "instrument", for should, anyone be so unfortunate as to be injured by it, there is a strong probability that its use would also be prohibited to the student.

During a lecture, speaking of the scheme for using the gas given off in cremating dead bodies for illuminating purposes, the fact was remarked, that it would at least enable some people to shine after death in a way that they never could hope to do while alive.

Messrs. S. F. Rutherford and R. H. Stewart have unanimously been selected to represent the Third Year on the Dinner Committee. We feel sure that our representatives will not only give satisfaction to their own Year but to the whole College.

SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

The above Society met in the Faculty Lecture Room, No. 6 Union Ave., on Thursday evening, with the President, Dr. Wesley Mills, in the chair.

After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting, the Society tendered Dr. Mills a vote of thanks for his recent donation to the library.

Mr. W. K. Inglis, '95, read a paper on the "Expression of Emotions in the Lower Animals." This paper was well written, and evidenced considerable original thought and investigation on the part of the writer, and elicited an animated discussion from those present.

An article on the subject of Animal Psychology, from the pen of an American clergyman, and which lately appeared in the *Fancier*, was read by one of the members. The somewhat unorthodox views of the writer were received with marked attention, and formed a subject for further discussion, after which the meeting adjourned to meet again in a fortnight.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Association was held on Thursday evening, 13th inst., in the Lecture Room of the Faculty, Dr. Adami occupying the chair. After report by the Experimental Committee upon two experiments with anæsthetics, the Association listened to the report of a case by Mr. E. H. Lehnert. Mr. Arthur Boutelle then read a paper upon Enchondroma. This subject has received but little attention from the comparative pathologist, and being very ably treated, the paper was an especially valuable contribution. The writer gave the results of a long series of investigations made in the pathological laboratory of McGill, arriving at some new theories which will probably be given to the magazines in the near future.

Several works were donated to the Association upon Micro-biology, by Dr. Denwiddie of the Arkansas Experimental Station.

At the next meeting, to be held Jan. 13th, Mr. Inglis will report a case, and Mr. Cowan will read a paper on Pathology in its relation to General Biology.

Y.M.C.A.

The last lecture of this term was given on the 9th Dec., by Rev. E. I. Rexford, B.A., his subject being, "The Purpose and Meaning of the Tabernacle." The value of the Tabernacle in the religious training of Israel was dwelt upon, and, with the help of a map, its structure and furnishings were closely presented together with their typical import.

The next Sunday afternoon lecture will be delivered on the 13th Jan. by Mr. S. M. Sayford of New York. A complete statement of next term's meetings will appear in a later issue of the FORTNIGHTLY. Our heartiest thanks are due to those who have addressed us this term.

DELTA SIGMA.

The Fifth Annual Lecture of the Delta Sigma Society was delivered by Sir William Dawson, in the Peter Redpath Museum, Dec. 13th. There was a large attendance of members, both regular and honorary, and also of visitors. The address, on the subject "An Ideal College for Women," was one of the most interesting the Society has ever heard, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all. The abstract given below renders any description unnecessary.

We had hoped that Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen would have been with us, but on account of the death of Sir John Thompson, Her Excellency was called to Ottawa, and so was unable to be present.

The lecturer introduced his subject by a reference to the earliest known authoress, the prophetess Deborah, and to her remarkable poem, as an evidence of the status and education of women in that remote time in which she lived. He then glanced at the educational and literary position of women in the intervening times, and at the remarkable extension of the education of women, and of their influence in literary, scientific, social, political, professional and religious affairs within the last quarter of a century. He then referred to the practical division of colleges for women into two classes—those that, like Girton and Newnham in England, and the Harvard Annex in the United States, are connected with old universities, and may be designated as affiliated colleges, and those which, like Holloway and Cheltenham and Smith in the United States are more or less self-contained, and may be regarded as independent of university control. Without any invidious comparison with others of their respective classes, he took Wellesley and Newnham as examples of these two types, and enquired in some detail in what respects they approached to ideal colleges, in reference to home and social influences, courses of study, the value of their degrees or certificates, their economy and facility of management and of extension, and the causes which have led to the preference of one or the other system. This comparison, with occasional reference to other colleges differing in details, occupied the greater part of the lecture. In conclusion, the relative position of the Donalds special course in McGill was referred to, and the prospect of its development into an institution nearer to the ideal college than those even of Britain and the United States—independent in all except the degree giving power, provided with an adequate staff of its own, yet having the benefit of all the educational appliances, and, as far as necessary, of the staff of the University, taking an equal place with McGill College, and perhaps becoming ultimately as extensive in the sphere of its operations, and thus fully meriting the high title of "Royal Victoria College for Women."

Y. W. C. A.

The leader of the weekly devotional meeting held Nov. 30th was Miss Fraser of the Class of '96. To Miss Fraser was allotted the subject of "Perseverance," which was very clearly and beautifully handled.

Miss Krause had charge of the meeting of Dec. 7th, which will be the last held in 1894. That evening our thoughts, under the subject of "The Book," were directed to the necessity of Bible-study, and the benefits to be derived from a regular and systematic course to be pursued, not only intellectually, but from the heart. The attendance on this occasion was somewhat smaller than usual.

These meetings will be continued after the Christmas holidays, and, we trust, will be duly enjoyed.

MATRIMONIAL.

Mr. Donald Guthrie, a graduate of McGill in Arts and of the Presbyterian College, was united in marriage with Miss Jennie Stirton, of Guelph, Ont., on Dec. 5th. Mr. William Patterson, B.A. '93, was groomsmen. The wedding took place at Guelph, from where Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie set out for a trip to Buffalo and other points. Mr. Guthrie is remembered for his sturdy scrimmage work on the first football team and for his recitations as a member of the Glee Club.

EXCHANGES.

We beg to remind our College contemporaries that exchanges should be sent to Editor-in-chief, MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY, care McGill University Library.

In our last issue we referred to the pleasure it gave us to notice transatlantic exchanges, and we now gladly acknowledge the receipt of the *Glasgow University Magazine*. Whether in arrangement or in writing, the *Magazine* has attained a very high standard. It contains nothing that is dull, and among its bright and readable articles, "A Carpet Sale" is very amusing. The Marquis of Lorne, in his article on "Nationality," which is really an argument in favor of the union, as at present existing, of the United Kingdom, lays down as an axiom, something that it is well worth our while to remember in Canada: "Local rivalry is often wholesome; national rivalry generally hurtful,—why? Because local rivalries promote emulation on the same lines and for the same objects. But national rivalries *work on different lines* for different objects. Therefore, the larger the area of national effort, where a central government can procure perfect control, the more wholesome will local effort become."

We have perused the last number of the *Queen's* with much pleasure. It contains a sufficiency of local items, with thoughtful editorials and articles of general interest. We can heartily endorse the greater part of the editorial devoted to the need of more extensive reading than is customary among students,—a need, however, which, in view of the rapidly increasing use of the Library at McGill, our undergraduates seem to feel. Nevertheless, we must admit that among some of our undergraduates, at least, the plea "no time" is a good one.

The *King's College Record* has a well-written article on the English Drama, and the interest of the number is greatly enhanced by a strong poem from the well-known pen of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, whose

power in treating Indian legends has time and again been successfully shown.

Acta Victoriana devotes but little space to items of other than local interest. We are inclined to think that its biographical notices might be shortened with advantage. The article on Oliver Wendell Holmes deals sympathetically with the writings of the lamented poet-physician.

We have to acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of the November and December numbers of *The Knox College Monthly*. The wide scope of the articles which they contain renders anything more than the barest mention of them impossible in the space at our disposal.

We highly value the kind words of the *Presbyterian College Journal* anent our humble selves, and value even more, the hearty good feeling that is apparent in them. The *Journal* is itself so well conducted that commendation at its hands is doubly satisfactory.

We regret that we have no number of the *'Varsity* to acknowledge this month. Among other exchanges received since our last issue are *The Manitoba College Journal*, the *Collegium* (St. Dunstan's, P.E.I.), the *Droghedean*, of the *Harvard Daily News*, and the *Canadian Magazine*.

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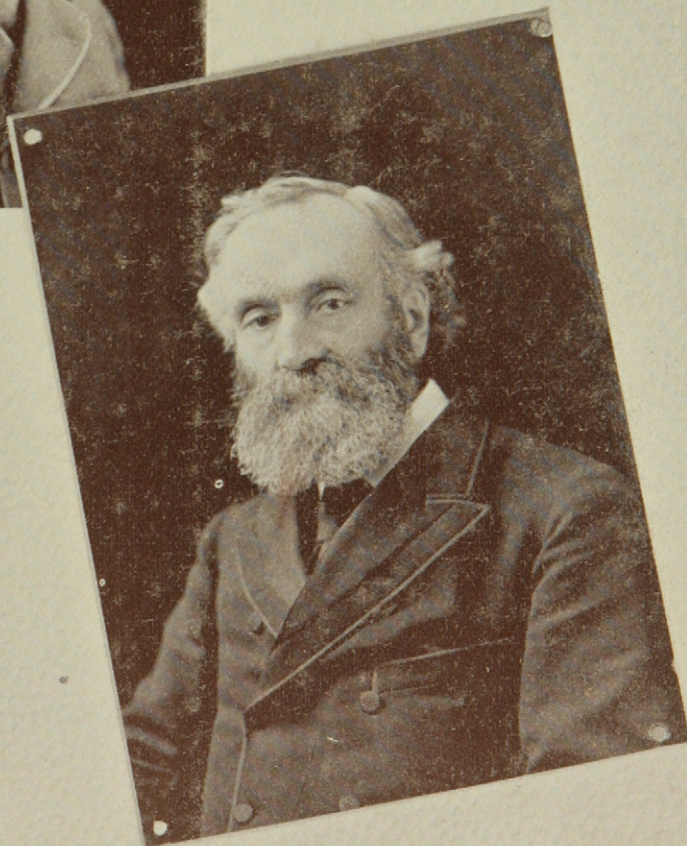
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